

CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

BIG
SHOT

10¢

AND

No. 101

MAY

BIG SHOT

UNCLE PHIL HAS
THE WRONG IDEA
ABOUT A
**SPRING
DANCE.**





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



BACK AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BIG SHOT



BO

by
Frank
Beck

WHOA! WAIT HERE, BO,
TILL I SEE IF THIS
HOUSE HAS ANY
JUNK TO SPARE.



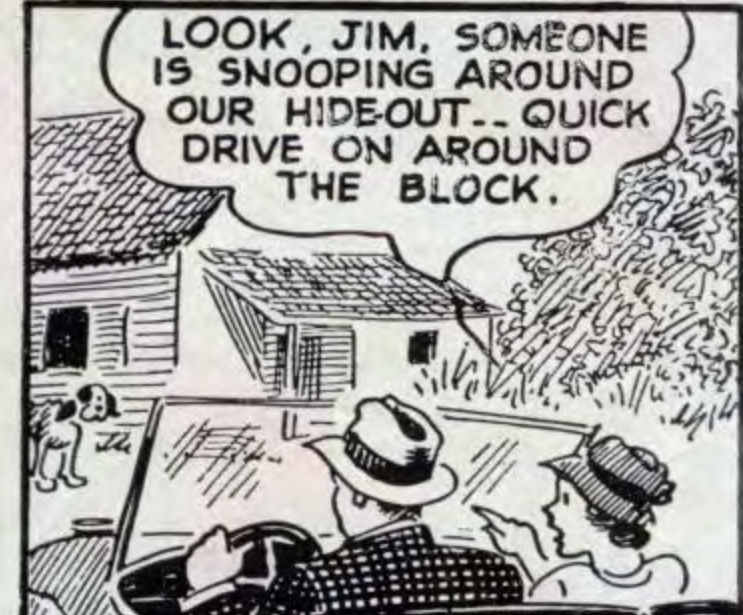
WELL... I GUESS I'VE
GOT ALL THE OLD JUNK
THAT'S IN HERE...
-- SAY-Y-Y --
WHAT'S THIS?



FOR GOSH SAKE! A
WHOLE PILE OF BUNDLES
AND CANS OF GUNPOWDER
HIDDEN IN THIS OLD
SHACK.



LOOK, JIM, SOMEONE
IS SNOOPING AROUND
OUR HIDE-OUT... QUICK
DRIVE ON AROUND
THE BLOCK.



IT WAS JUST SOME
KID PROWLING AROUND
OUR HIDE-OUT LOOKING
FOR JUNK. WAIT'LL
I SEE IF HE FOUND
THAT GUNPOWDER



IT'S OKAY. I THOUGHT
FOR AWHILE OUR
GAME MIGHT
BE UP.



YES, SIR, ALTHOUGH
I DID NOTICE SOME
CANS OF GUNPOWDER
IN ONE ROOM...
BUT I DIDN'T
TOUCH THEM.

GUNPOWDER?
UNHITCH
YOUR DOG
AND HOP
IN HERE.



MAYBE
WE HAVE
RUN INTO
A REAL
CASE!

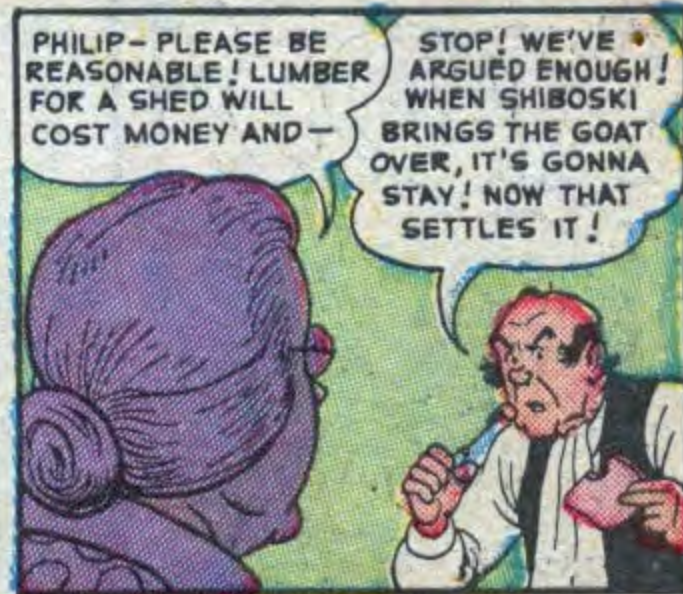
SHOW US
THE WAY
TO THAT
HOUSE,
KID.



FOLLOW BO'S ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



WELL, HE SAID THERE WERE A FEW THINGS HE WANTED TO DO AROUND THE HOUSE, FLOSSIE - WHILE IT WOULD BE QUIET!



TWEET TWEET



HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN OUT! I SIMPLY DECIDED IT WAS TOO HOT TO DO ANYTHING!

MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD

IT'S AWFULLY NICE OF PHIL TO BE GIVING THAT MAY PARTY FOR THE KIDS AT THE ORPHANS' HOME, MRS. FINN.

INDEED IT IS, FLOSSIE! HE REALLY HAS A BIG HEART!

YOU MEAN THAT MCFADDEN'S BAND IS GOING TO PLAY AT THE PARTY - FOR FREE?

SURE! MCFADDEN KNOWS I CAN GIVE HIM PLENTY OF WORK AROUND ELECTION TIME, MICHAEL!

WE'LL NEVER FORGET YOUR GENEROSITY, MR. FREEZER!

THAT'S OKAY, SHERIFF!



I'M SURE SURPRISED THAT HE DONATED ALL THAT ICE CREAM AND CANDY - HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE AWFUL TIGHT!

WELL, DON'T FORGET, MICHAEL - HE HOPES TO GET ALL THE CITY BUSINESS THROUGH ME!

I SENT OVER FIVE CASES OF CREAM SODA, PHIL - AND FIVE OF GINGER ALE!

YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT, CLANCY - YOU'RE BOUND TO HAVE GOOD LUCK!

YOU SHOULD'VE AT LEAST OFFERED TO PAY MR. CLANCY FOR IT, UNCLE PHIL - AFTER ALL, YOU'RE GIVIN' THE PARTY!

HE'D HAVE BEEN INSULTED, MICHAEL



SO YOU SENT OVER TWO BIG CAKES, EH, MR. MEAD? WELL, I SURE WANT TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR CO-OPERATION!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, PHIL - I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO HELP A WORTHY CAUSE!

WHY WERE YOU SO SURE THAT HE WOULDN'T TAKE ANYTHING FOR THEM?

THAT'S VERY SIMPLE, MICHAEL - HE WANTS THE BREAD CONTRACT FOR THE COUNTY JAIL!

DID YOU SEND IT OVER, TOM?

SURE, PHIL. THIS MORNIN'!



NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU ASK HIM TO DONATE?

YOU'LL SEE, MICHAEL! THE PARTY WOULDN'T BE COMPLETE WITHOUT IT!

IT'S A WONDERFUL PARTY, SHERIFF - YOU DIDN'T FORGET A THING!

WELL, WHENEVER I DO ANYTHING I TRY TO DO IT RIGHT!



Sparky Watt

by
Boody
Roberts
67

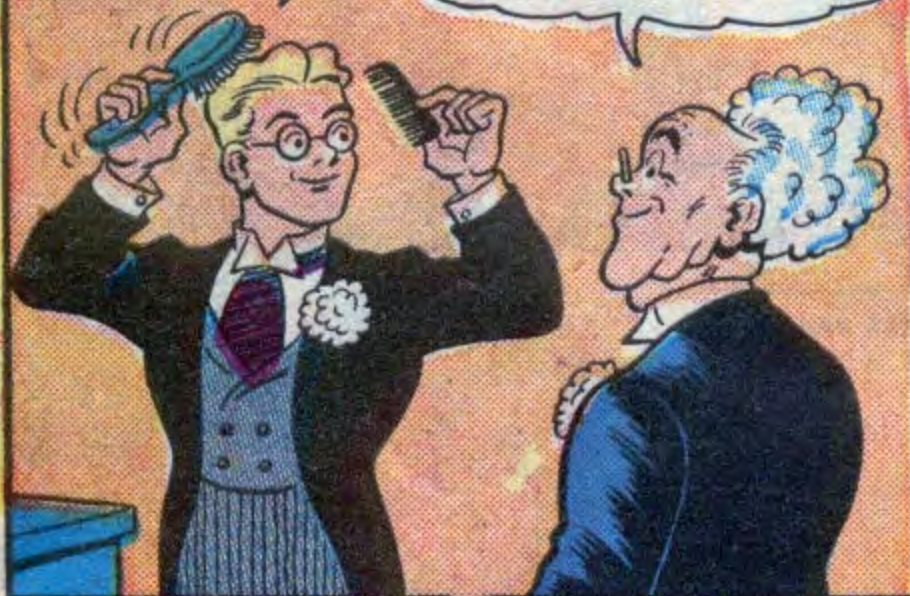


DO YOU TAKE THIS WOMAN
TO BE YOUR BRIDE---- YES
I DO--- YES I DO---
DUM-DE-DUM--



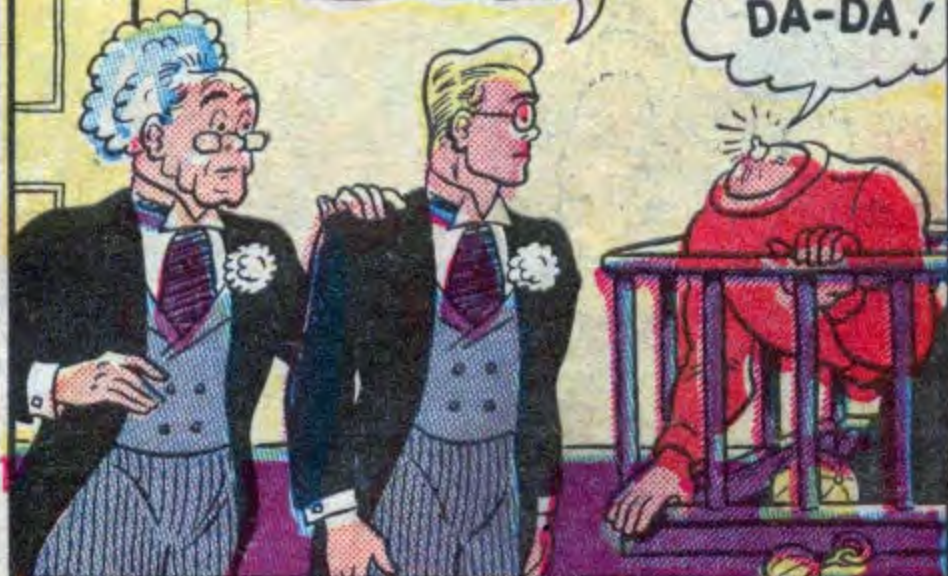
HELLO, DOC---
IS EVERYTHING
ALL SET FOR
THE WEDDING ?

YES, SPARKY----THE
PREACHER IS HERE---
--AND DOTTY'S FATHER,
SISTERS AND BROTHERS
HAVE JUST ARRIVED !



IT'S A SHAME POOR SLAP HAPPY'S
HEAD HAS **SHRUNK** SO SMALL THAT HIS
LITTLE BRAIN IS LIKE A **BABY'S** !
I WANTED HIM TO BE
MY **BEST MAN** !

DA-DA !



YES, OL' SLAP HAPPY
WILL CERTAINLY BE
DISAPPOINTED AT
MISSING YOUR
WEDDING !

ISN'T THERE
ANYTHING YOU
CAN DO TO MAKE
HIS HEAD
NORMAL
AGAIN ?

Goo!

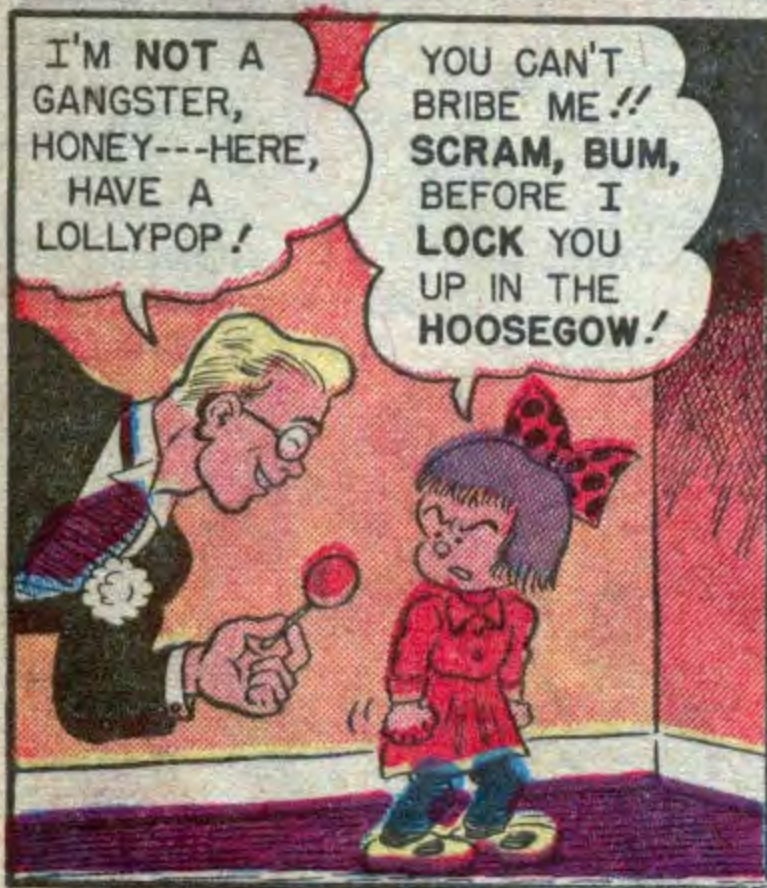


I HAVEN'T FIGURED A
WAY YET---BUT JUST AS
SOON AS **YOUR WEDDING**
IS OVER I'LL REALLY
GET TO WORK ON IT !

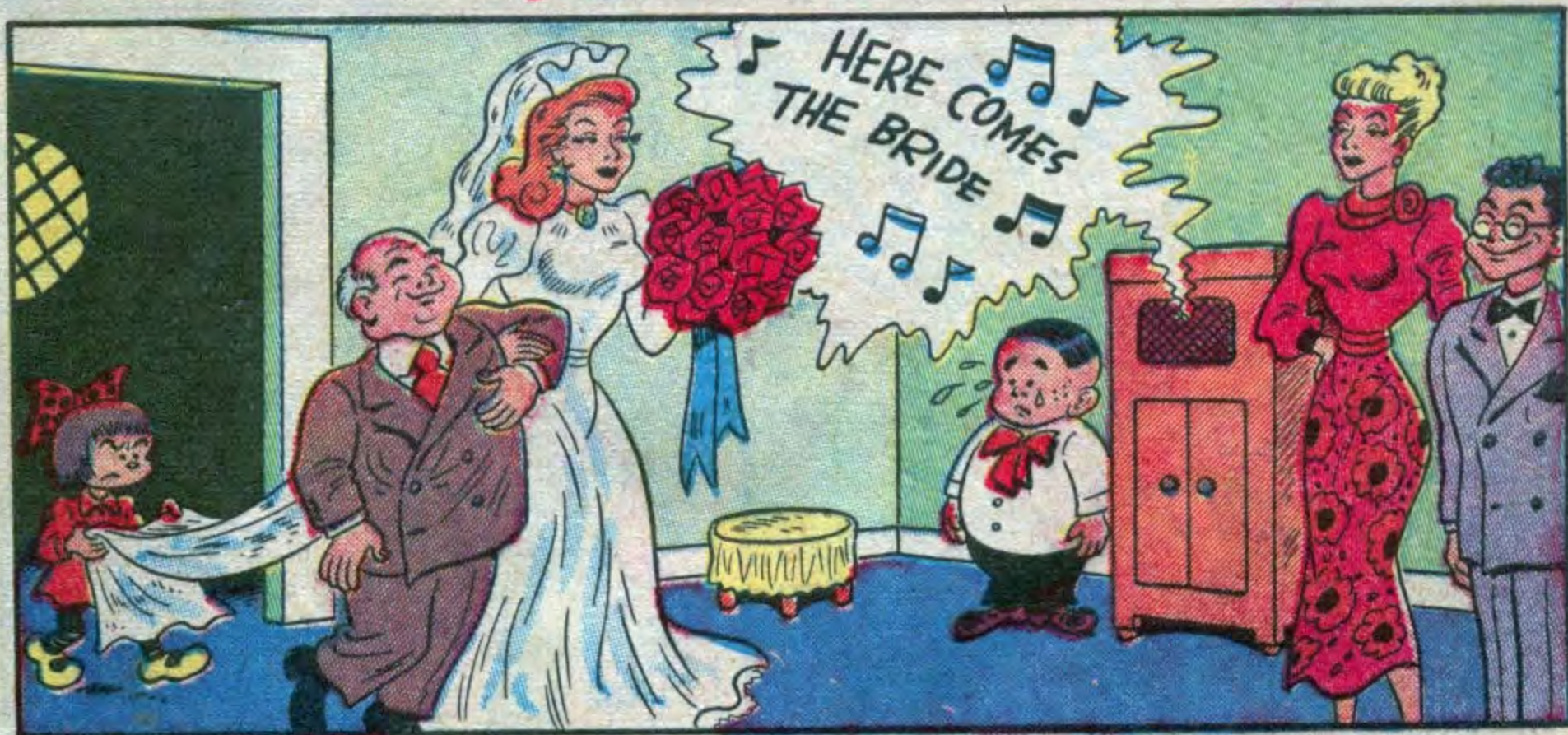
I HOPE
SO, DOC---
I MISS
SEEING HIS
UGLY, GOOD
HUMORED
MUG !!



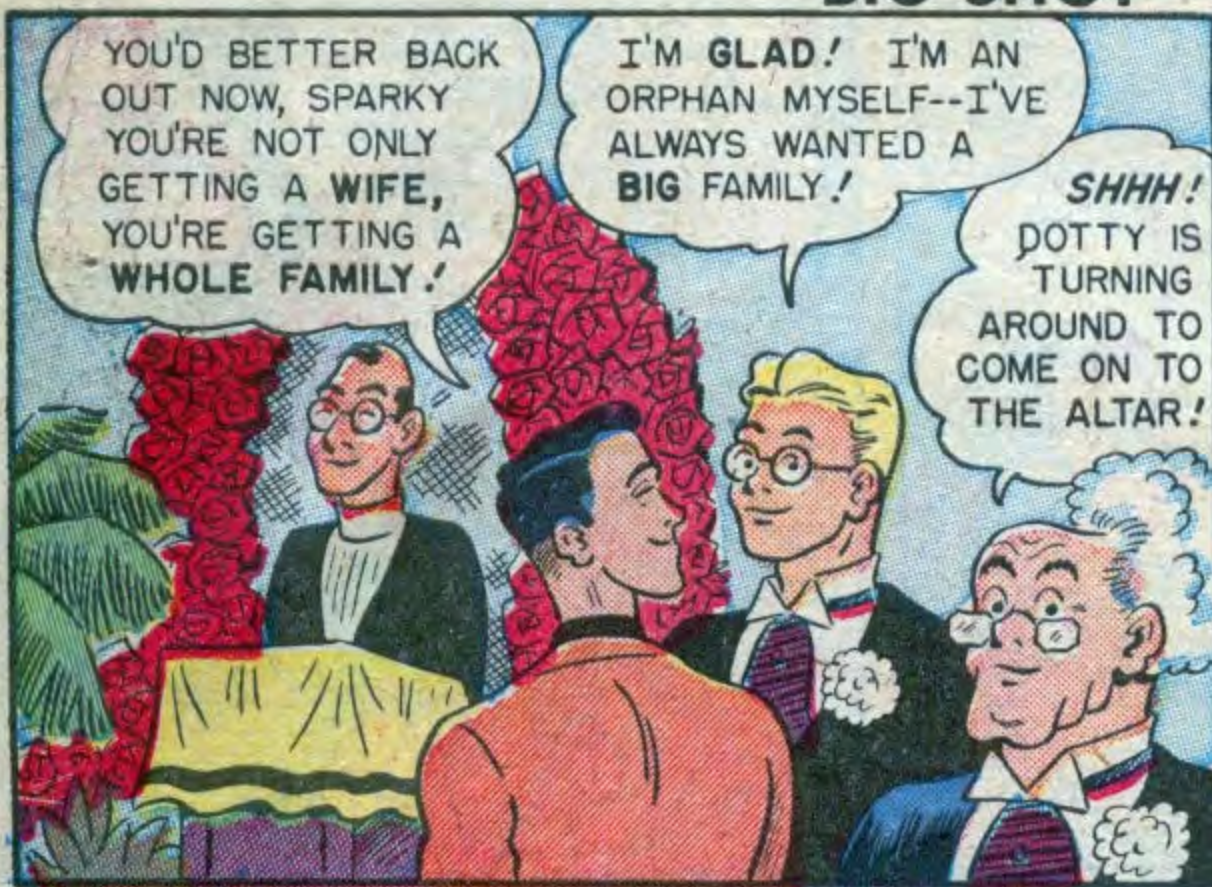
BIG SHOT



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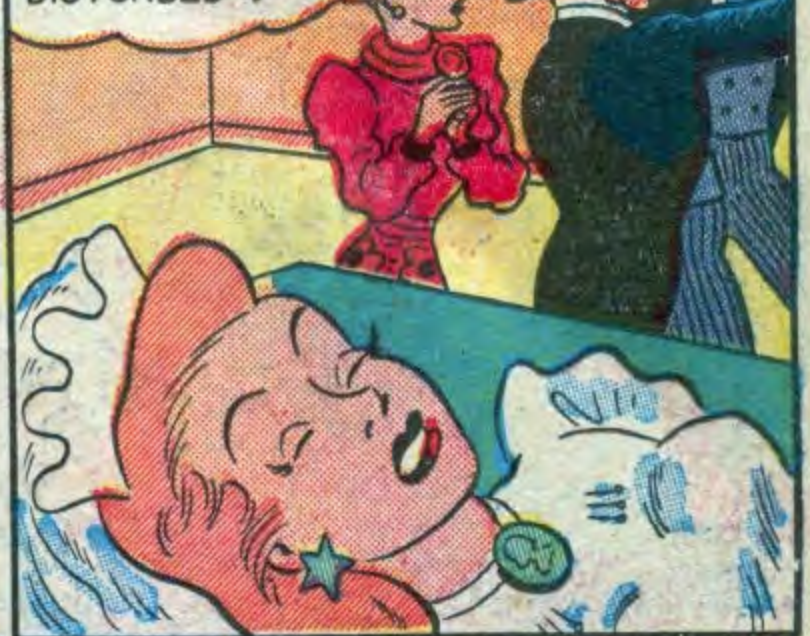
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EASY NOW---EASY---PLACE HER ON THE TABLE-----**EASY!!**

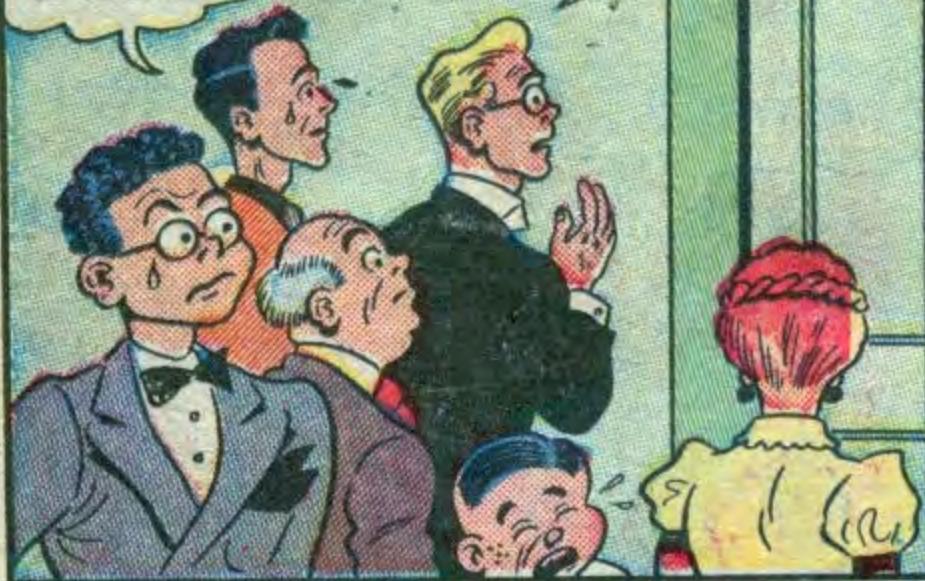


JOYCE WILL STAY AND HELP ME---THE OTHERS WILL WAIT IN THE NEXT ROOM--- I **MUSTN'T** BE DISTURBED !!



GEE---IT'S TAKING DOCTOR STATIC A LONG TIME--- --S--SHE MUST BE HURT BADLY !

NO! NO! SHE'S GOT TO BE ALL RIGHT---SHE'S JUST GOT TO!!



IT'S ALL MY **FAULT**---I SHOULD HAVE CAUGHT HER--- --I---

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT SPARKY--I WAS NEARER THAN YOU---BUT SHE FELL SO QUICKLY!

SHHH! THE DOOR IS OPENING!

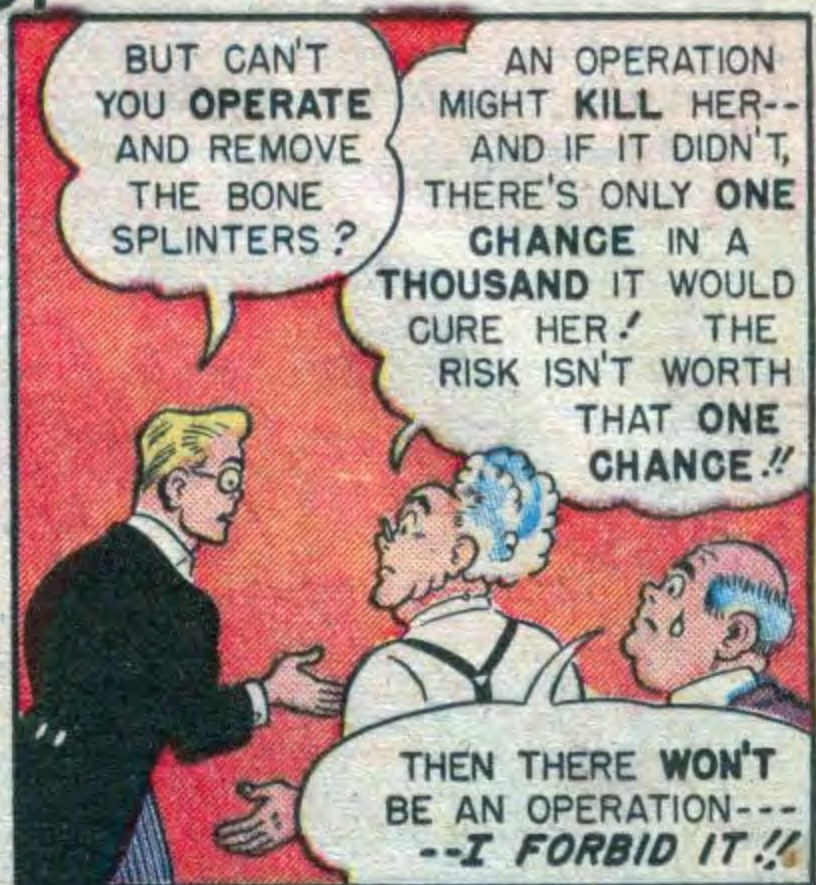


DOG---IS-- --IS SHE--- ----IS SHE D--DE---

SHE'LL LIVE--- BUT HER BACK IS BROKEN--- -----SHE'LL NEVER WALK AGAIN !



BIG SHOT



DIXIE DUGAN

By McEVOY and STRIEBEL



BIG SHOT

Dixie Dugan

BY M'EVROY AND STRIEBEL





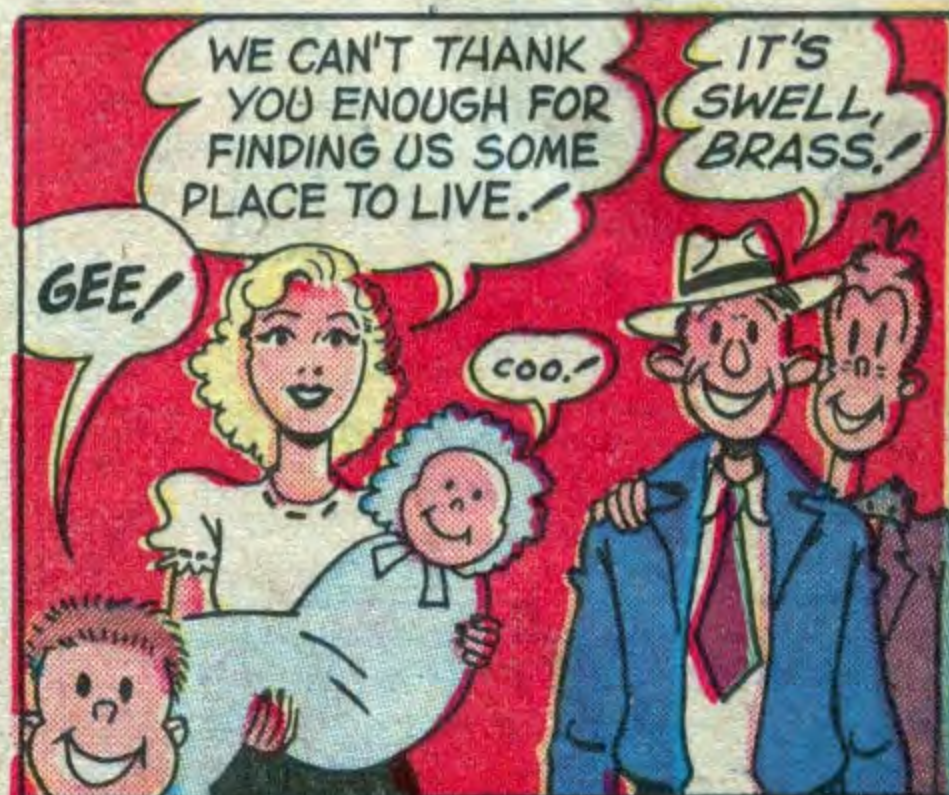
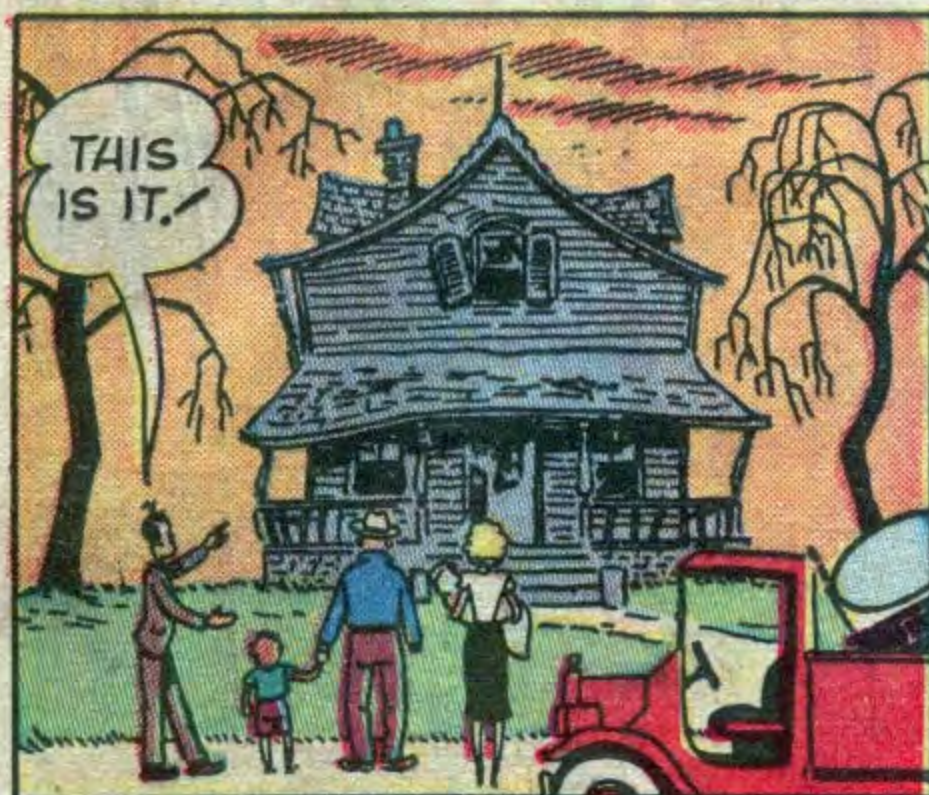
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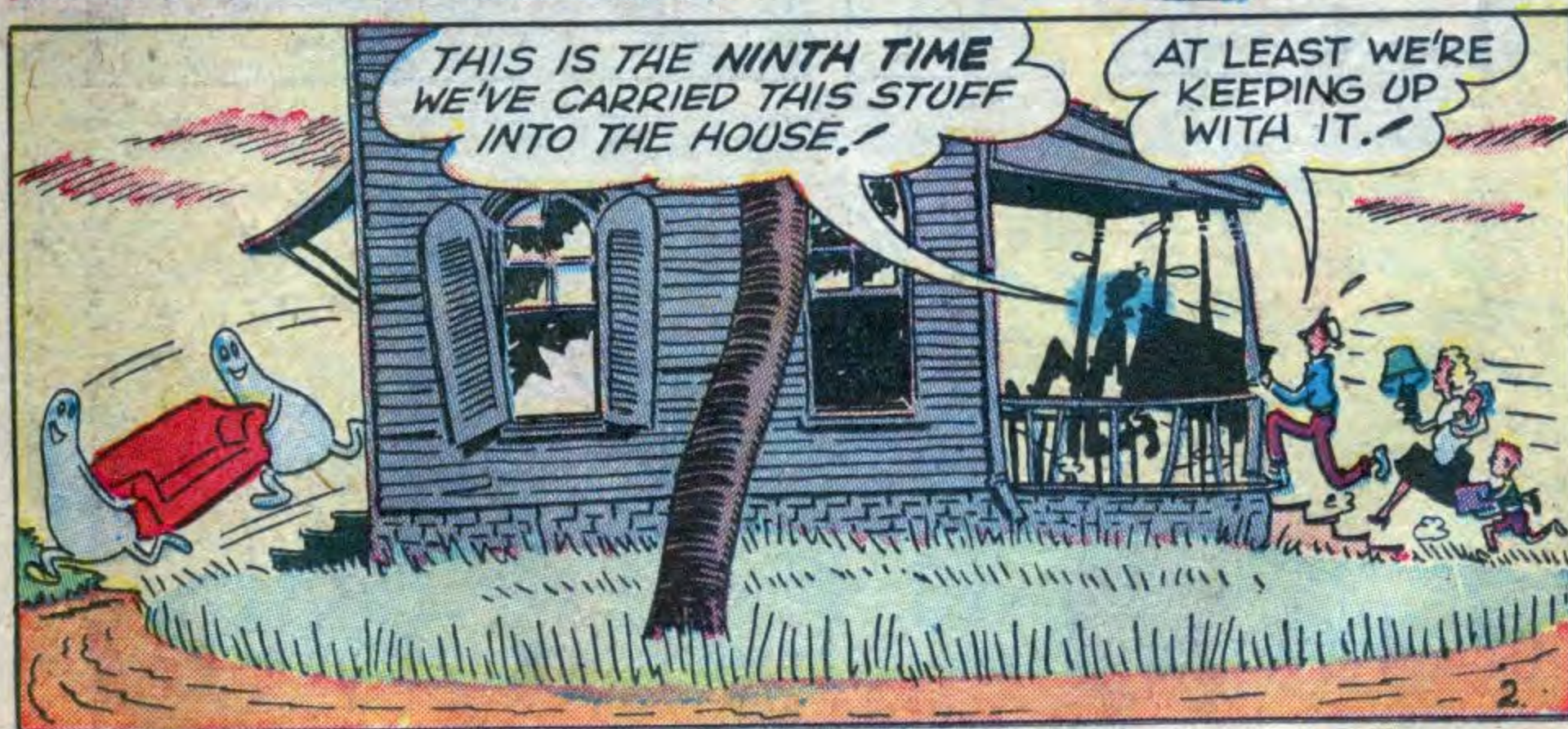
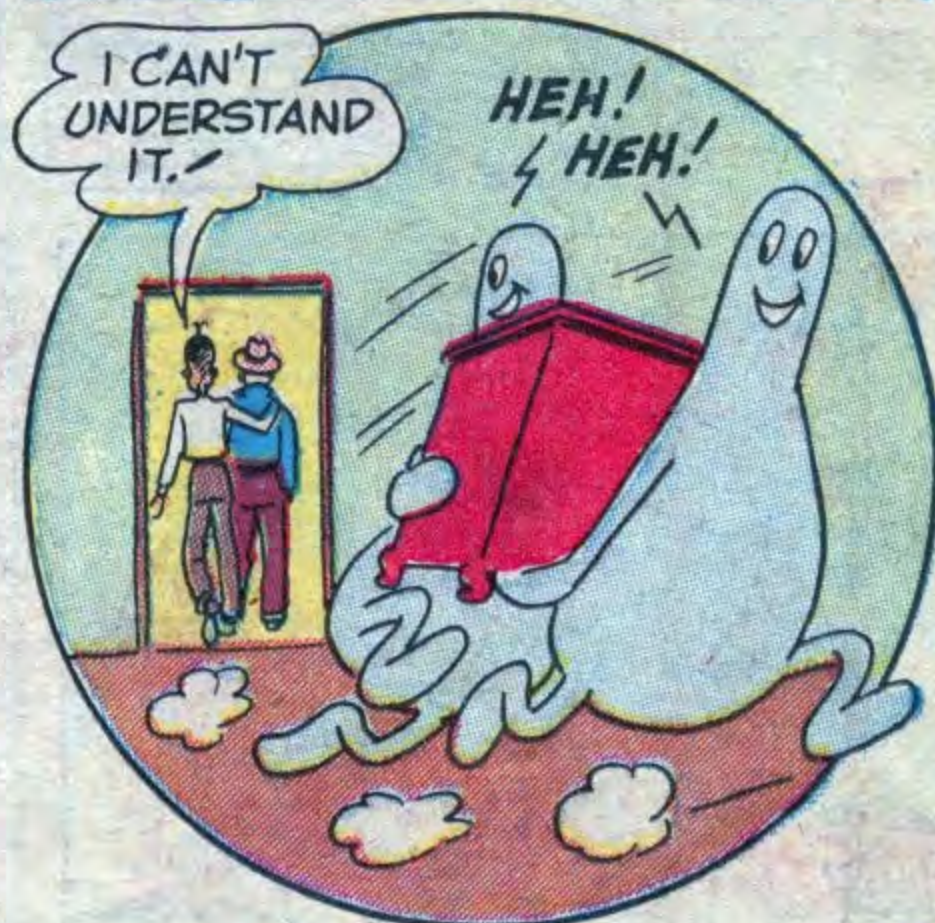




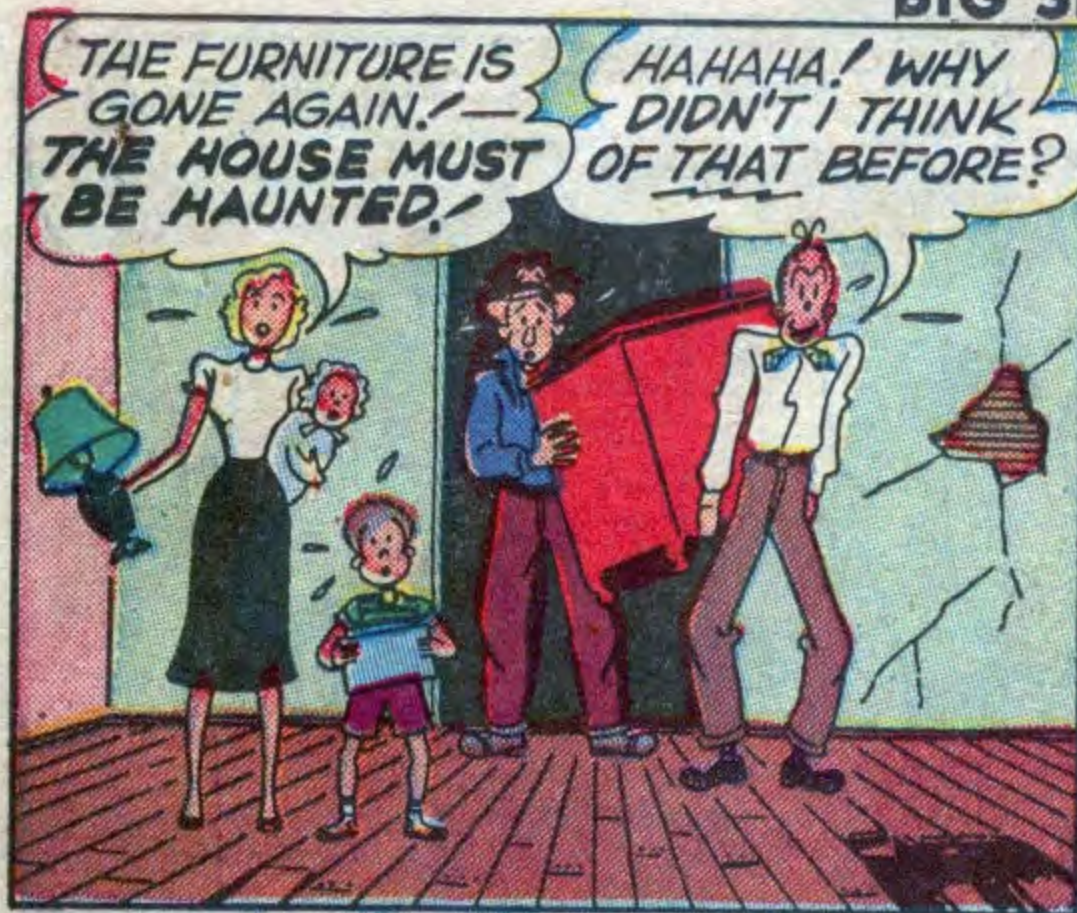
BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

by MARTY MARION

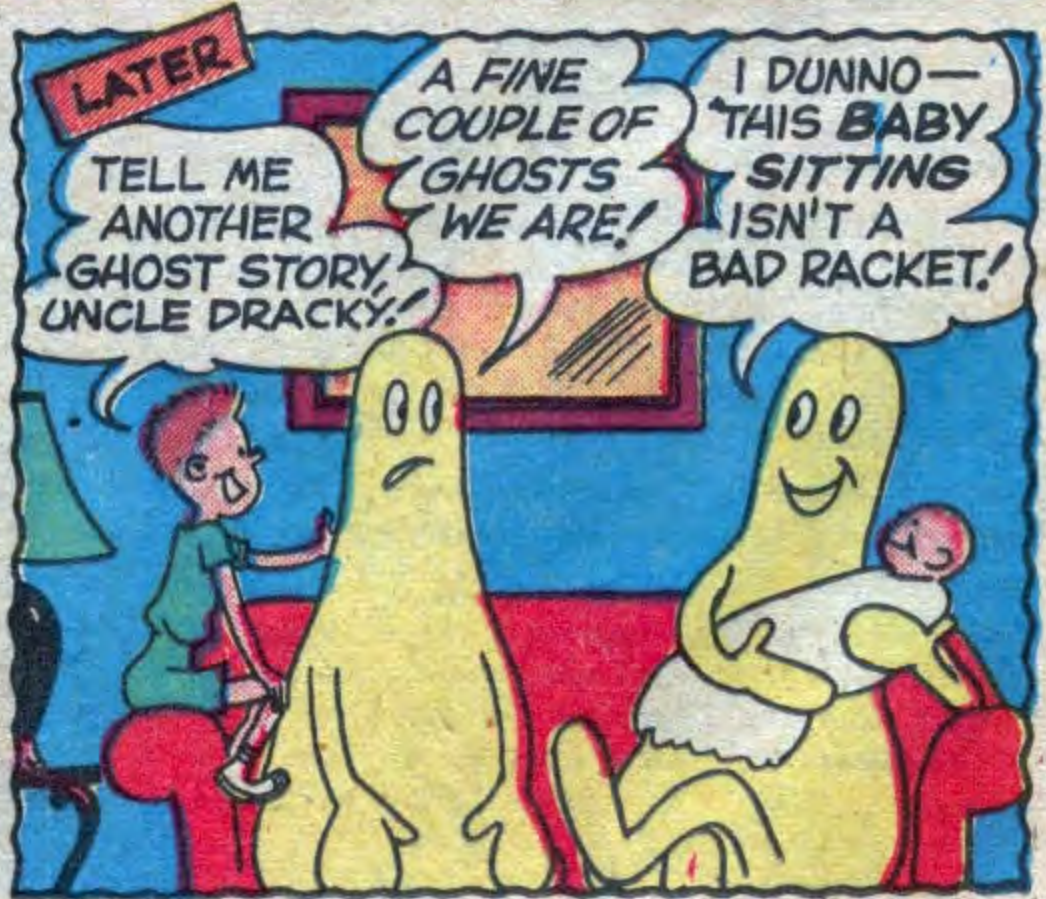
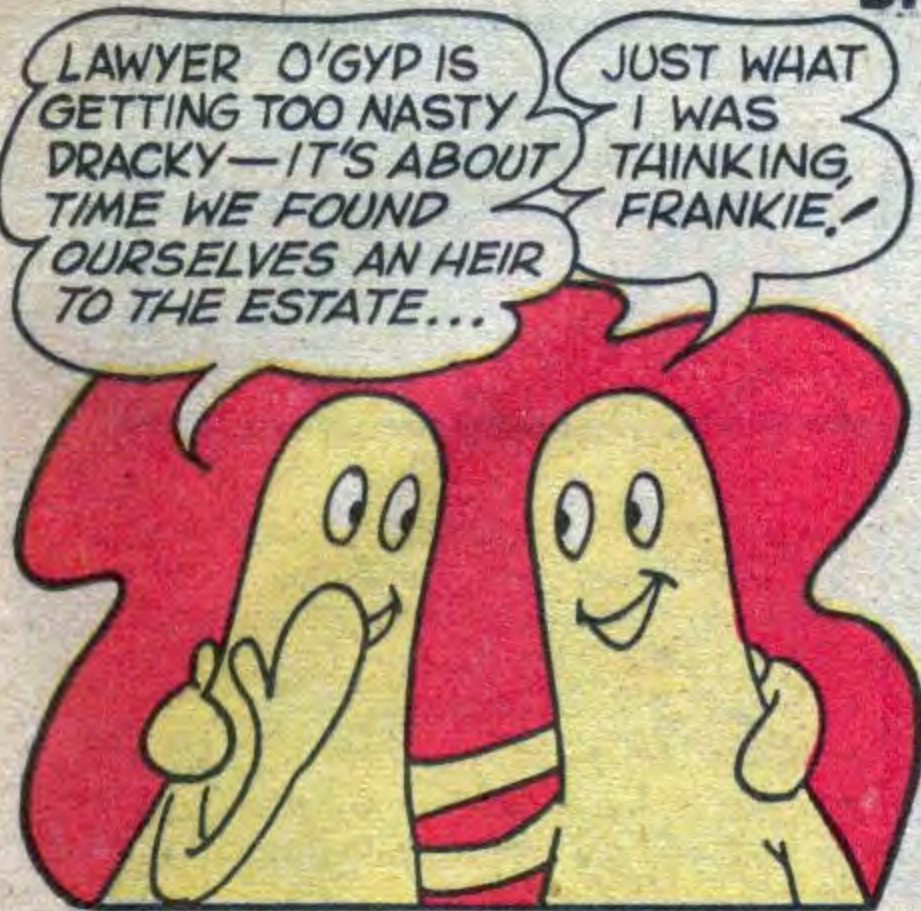




BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



Everybody Gets Into the Act

By MART BAILEY

"NO YOU DON'T!" blurted Butsy Ratsoff. And to show that he meant what he said, the stocky little gangster with the gorilla face poked the revolver two or three times into Good Old Bumpy's short ribs.

This had its desired effect. Good Old Bumpy, disguised in red whiskers, satin-lined cloak, and tophat had bent to pick up Jack Beerymore, who had masqueraded for the night's adventure as a one-legged sailor off an eighteenth century whaling ship. At the moment when the sharp muzzle of the revolver contacted with his tender ribs, Good Old Bumpy had almost lifted the unconscious actor to his feet. Now he dropped him as if the gently snoring thespian were an electric eel.

"Do you realize, m'sieur," Good Old Bumpy said to the sneeringly triumphant underworld chief, "that you are interfering with zee due processes of Law? That you are throwing zee monkey wrench into zee machinery of zee French Police Department? That you are preventing zee administration of justice, which eez zee firmest pillar of good government. That you are, in a word, hampering the functions of myself, Inspector Bonsoir-Bonsoir of the Surete?"

"Surete," replied Butsy Ratsoff. He was in no mood for small talk. He could feel Milly's angry eyes scorching him, and he still rankled over the injustice of her taking the wrong view of his heroics. He had expected her to throw her arms around his neck, murmuring, "My hero!" His slugging of the one-legged sailor who tried to take her rhinestone necklace at gun point, she chose to regard as an insidious attempt to kill the only man who could help find her missing sister.

Meanwhile, Good Old Bumpy started screaming in make-believe French, and shaking his head with all the Gallic vehemence of an outraged Inspector of the Surete.

Caught between these two forces, Butsy's brain slipped a few cogs and began whirling dizzily.

Good Old Bumpy, discerning the little gangster's befuddlement, increased the violence of his head shaking. This might have worked. Frenchmen are notoriously hot-blooded and excitable, and a little more head-shaking might

have convinced Butsy Ratsoff that Good Old Bumpy was, as he said, Inspector Bonsoir-Bonsoir of the Surete. But to date no Frenchman has ever lost his beard simply by shaking his head.

"So!" said Butsy Ratsoff.

Inspector Jacques Bonsoir-Bonsoir was suddenly calm, as if oil had been thrown upon the troubled waters of his temper.

"Disguise," he muttered, with a deprecatory glance towards the false whiskers which lay on the floor like a robin's nest. He thought how nice it would look if there were an egg or two to go in it.

"Oh yeah?" said Butsy Ratsoff. His brain was hitting on all cylinders again, and he was determined to end this masquerade.

Reaching out a hand that was practically furlined on the outside, he ripped the badge off Good Old Bumpy's chest and held it to the light.

The badge was gold-plated and official looking, all right. But where it should have been inscribed with the signum of the French Republican Police, was the figure of a galloping greyhound; above, was the word *Inspector*; below, the legend *Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*.

Butsy Ratsoff chuckled. "Come on, mug," he commanded.

"M'sieur le Gobelet, to you," said Good Old Bumpy.

"I thought it was Bonsoir-Bonsoir," said Butsy. "Anyway, we're going to have a little talk. You can bring Limehouse Louie with you in what you call custody." He waved the revolver.

Good Old Bumpy shrugged. He was a philosopher. He knew you can't win against loaded dice or loaded shooting irons.

RECOVERING consciousness from the uppercut which Butsy Ratsoff had dealt him, Jack Beerymore felt like a dreamer or some kind of vegetable life. His glazed eyes recognized none of the Times Square rush-hour crowd, who seemingly unaware of his existence, had mobbed into the tiny room.

A terrific slam caused his eyes to roll towards the door. Instead, he saw a life-size poster ad-

BIG SHOT

vertising a techni-color movie titled *Queen of the Underworld*, or something like that. He wasn't sure because the title was oddly missing. The girl in the poster, however, he recognized as Veronica Lake or some gorgeous lady who resembled her and with whom he had been vaguely acquainted in a former life. There was a hard glint in her arctic blue eyes and her slender, bejeweled fingers held a small gold-plated revolver.

Then, all at once, Jack realized that the poster wasn't a poster and that the revolver was including him in its sweeping embrace.

To make matters worse, behind Veronica Lake or whoever she was, stood a frightened male accomplice, who gave Jack the unpleasant impression that he himself was a disembodied spirit, since his body apparently stood in the doorway while he himself lay on the floor. Had his braincells been less scrambled by Butsy's uppercut, he would have recognized his double in the doorway as Frederic Bons, his understudy, who had accompanied Beatrice Thornrose at her insistence to trap him with her priceless necklace.

"Ha!" said Veronica Lake or whoever she was. "We've caught the whole gang!"

The "we" included her male accomplice, Frederic Bons, though all he contributed to the scene was his imposing presence in top hat and tails and a desultory waving of a pistol that seemed likely to go off at any moment in his trembling fingers.

With the exception of the little bookie, whose arms were roped to his side anyway, Jack Beerymore was the only one who hadn't flung up his hands at the dramatic entrance of Veronica Lake and her accomplice.

"Put your hands up," she snapped.

Jack tried to explain that his arms were bereft of motion, that he was, in fact, a disembodied spirit or some kind of vegetable life; but he could not even open his mouth.

"Do you want me to drill you?" said the six-shooter siren.

The question shot Jack's arms skyward in a hurry.

"That's better. Now we can get down to business."

"Business" was a harangue on the subject of Diamond Swindlers, who steal a girl's heirlooms on pretence of having them repaired. Jack tried to point out that she had him all wrong. But she silenced his rebuttal with an irritable movement of the gold-plated revolver, and went on to say that he must pay in cold cash or spend the rest of his days on the stone pile at Alcatraz. It was a speech nicely calculated to bring Jack out of his trance as effectively as spirits of ammonia. He recognized now that Veronica Lake wasn't Veronica Lake at all, but Beatrice Thornrose, the understudy who was playing the femi-

nine lead in his latest play, *The Duke's Study*, from which he had been missing for the past week; and he wondered what he had ever seen in the girl.

During all this while, Millie, standing beside Butsy Ratsoff and paying no attention to the lecture, had been staring incredulously. There was a vast difference between the platinum-haired siren who waved the gold-plated revolver and the freckle-faced girl who had left the old homestead two years before to seek her fortune in the Big City; but sisterly instinct told her they were one and the same.

"Beatrice!" she cried joyously.

The siren turned her platinum head and saw Milly for the first time. The gold-plated revolver clattered on the floor, and she enveloped her sister Millicent in a gush of kisses.

Deserted at this crucial point, Frederic Bons, her accomplice, waved his pistol in the helpless manner of Zazu Pitts. The whole affair had turned into a jolly family reunion, and he did not know whether to run or smile and join the festivities.

Good Old Bumpy nudged Butsy Ratsoff. "Limehouse Louie," he whispered.

The little gangster looked at the one-legged Limehouse Louie who sat on the floor rubbing the back of his head, and then at the elegant Limehouse Louie who stood in the doorway with the pistol.

"Genuine article," whispered the insidious M'sieur le Gobelet.

Butsy was almost convinced of this, but not quite. The Limehouse Louie in the doorway looked more like Limehouse Louie as he knew that internationally notorious torpedo-man — but there was something fishy about the whole affair which Butsy could not fathom, and he felt his brain begin slipping its cogs again.

At that moment, Randolph, the campaigner-butler, reached the top landing of 711 West Ache Street.

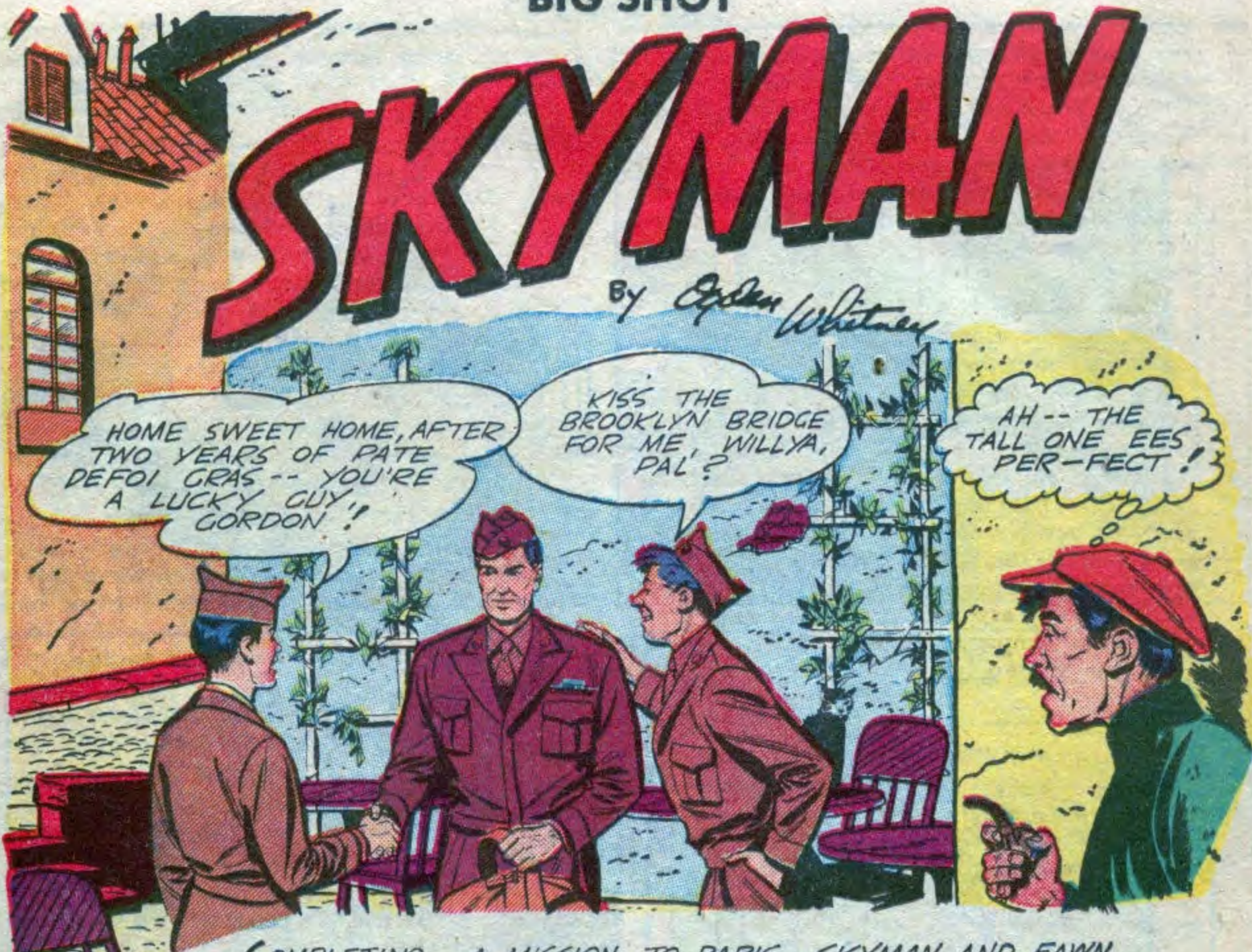
Randolph permitted himself a thin smile as he saw the ominous figure with the revolver in the doorway and just beyond, Good Old Bumpy, his master, hands upraised. He had expected something like this, and he was not unprepared. Fashion prohibited his lugging about a spike-studded mace, but highly approved the gold-headed stick which he carried, though some eyebrows might have lifted in amazement were it known that the stick was heavily weighted and especially designed to be used as a bludgeon.

Taking in the situation, he gripped the weighted stick and tiptoed within striking distance. With the deadly accuracy of the expert mace-wielder, he let the silk topper have it.

The Limehouse Louie who stood in the doorway crumbled like a scarecrow suddenly relieved of its props.

SKYMAN

By *Golden Whitney*



HOME SWEET HOME, AFTER TWO YEARS OF PATE DEFOI GRAS -- YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY, GORDON!

KISS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE FOR ME, WILLYA, PAL?

AH -- THE TALL ONE EES PER-FECT!

COMPLETING A MISSION TO PARIS, SKYMAN AND FAWN PREPARE FOR A HOMEWARD FLIGHT.... MEANWHILE, JUST A SHORT WAY FROM THE AIRFIELD, A GAY GROUP OF G.I.'S GATHER TO BID A FORTUNATE FELLOW AMERICAN "HAPPY LANDINGS"... "UN-HAPPY LANDINGS" WOULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE, FOR, JUST AROUND THE CORNER....



SO LONG, GUYS!

LEAVING FOR ONE'S HOMELAND EES INDEED A WANDAIRFUL FEELING, EH, MON AMI?

I AM MOS' HAPPY FOR YOU, FRIEND! COME, WE WEEL HAVE A FAREWELL DROP OF FRENCH COGNAC TOGETHAIR, NO?

WEL-L



BIG SHOT



YOU WEEL PARDON THIS SHABBY SHACK! YOU KNOW HOW EET EES - THE WAR, THE POSTWAR-

YEAH -- PRETTY TOUGH! WELL, HERE'S TO BETTER TIMES, CHUM!



--- NICE OF YOU -- OF YOU -- T-TO ---

AH, THE SLUMBER SLIPS OVER HEEM WITH GREAT HASTE!



ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN COME OUT NOW! HE WEEL HEAR AN' FEEL NOTHEENG!

NICE GOING! SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE CLIMBING INTO THE KHAKE OF A LONG LANK LIKE THAT!



I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND A PASS OF LEAVE ON HIS PERSON, TOO!

OKAY, THERE'S YOUR 'PAY-OFF', PAL! NOW GO TAKE A WALK FOR A WHILE!



JUST GOTTA DUMP HIS DUFFEL BAG, LOAD IT WITH MY **OWN** CARGO AND. I'M ALL SET!



MEANWHILE, AT THE NEARBY AIRFIELD...

ALL SET FOR THE ATLANTIC HOP FAWN?

SOON AS I COLLECT THE CHAPEAUS I LEFT IN THE WAITING ROOM! AFTER ALL, WHAT'S A TRIP TO PARIS WITHOUT COLLECTING A CHAPARELLI CREATION OR TWO!

BIG SHOT

AS FAWN COLLECTS HER "CARGO", HER EYES FALL UPON ANOTHER WHO IS ALSO INTERESTED IN "CARGO" SPACE ...

YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER, GORDON, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE YOU'LL BE GETTING OUT OF HERE FOR A WHILE! THE LOCAL AIR-LIFT SERVICE IS OFF SCHEDULE!



LOOK, SOLDIER, THERE'S A PRIVATE PLANE ON THE FIELD THAT'S FIXING TO FERRY THE ATLANTIC! I DON'T IMAGINE THE PILOT WILL MIND MAKING ROOM FOR YOU!

SAY NO MORE, LADY, YOU'VE JUST HOOKED YOURSELF A HITCHHIKER!



SKYMAN, MEET LARRY GORDON! I JUST THUMBED A RIDE FOR HIM!

SKYMAN! THE CRIME CRUSHER, IN PERSON! BETTER WATCH MY STEP WITH THIS BOY!



LATER, AS THE WING ROARS OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC, SLUMBER OVERTAKES THE IMPOSTER...

LOOKS LIKE OUR "CARGO" GOT CAUGHT BY A CATNAP! BETTER GET HIS BLANKET OUT OF THAT DUFFEL BAG!



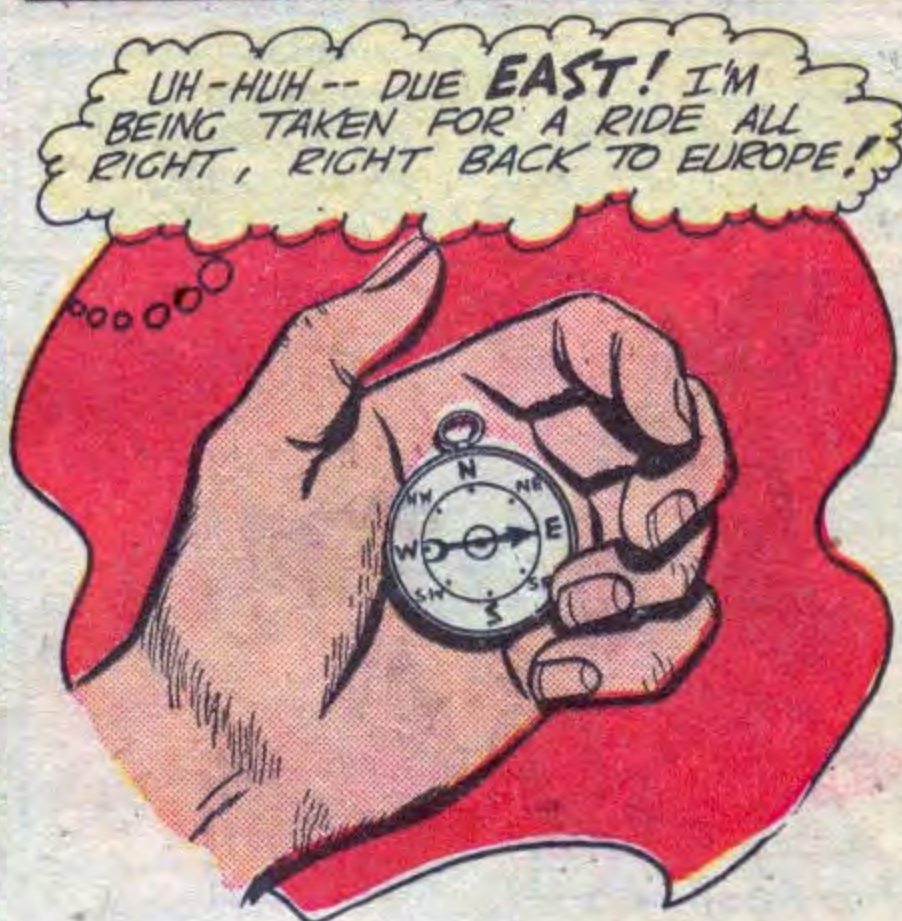
THERE'S NOTHING SO UNCOMFORTABLE AS FORTY WINKS WITHOUT A BLANK---???



SKYMAN, LOOK AT THIS! THAT GUY'S PACKING A POUCH BUSTING WITH BILLS! THERE MUST BE A GOOD TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS HERE!

HUH?



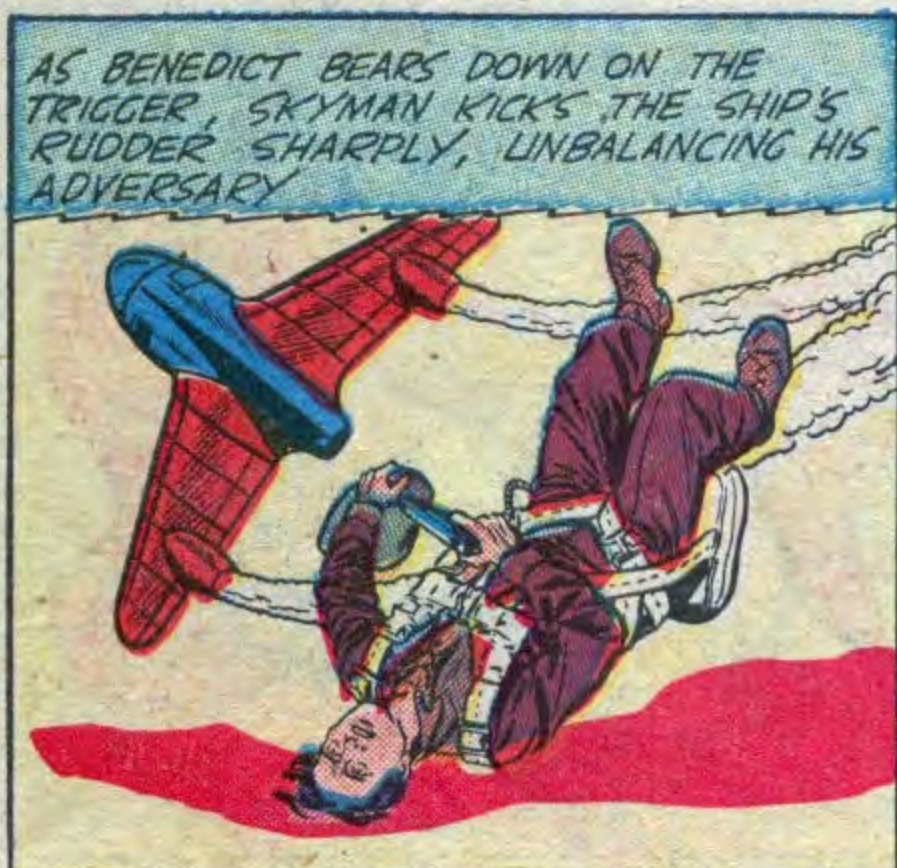




SCOTLAND IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO PARACHUTE INTO! I'VE GOT THE DOUGH IT TAKES TO GET AROUND IN ANY COUNTRY!



BUT BEFORE I DIVE, YOU TWO ARE DUE FOR A PAY-OFF ---SO---



AS BENEDICT BEARS DOWN ON THE TRIGGER, SKYMAN KICKS THE SHIP'S RUDDER SHARPLY, UNBALANCING HIS ADVERSARY



WHEW, WE WERE LUCKY TO GET AWAY WITH OUR LIVES!

NOW TO SEE TO IT THAT BENEDICT DOESN'T GET AWAY! WE'RE GOING DOWN AFTER HIM FAWN!

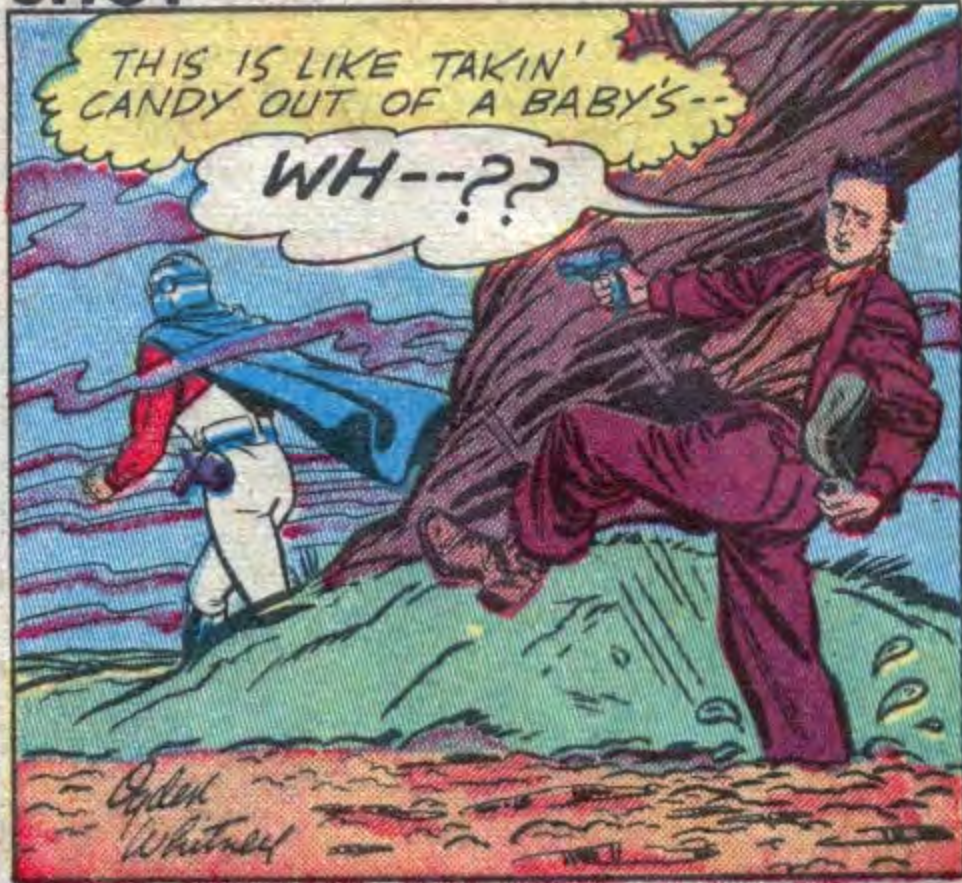


SETTING THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS, SKYMAN DESCENDS BY CABLE AS THE WING HOVERS OVER THE TREACHEROUS SCOTTISH MOOR...

THIS IS AS FAR AS I CAN GO IN THE WING! THAT BOG BELOW WILL BARELY CARRY THE WEIGHT OF A MAN, NO LESS A PLANE!



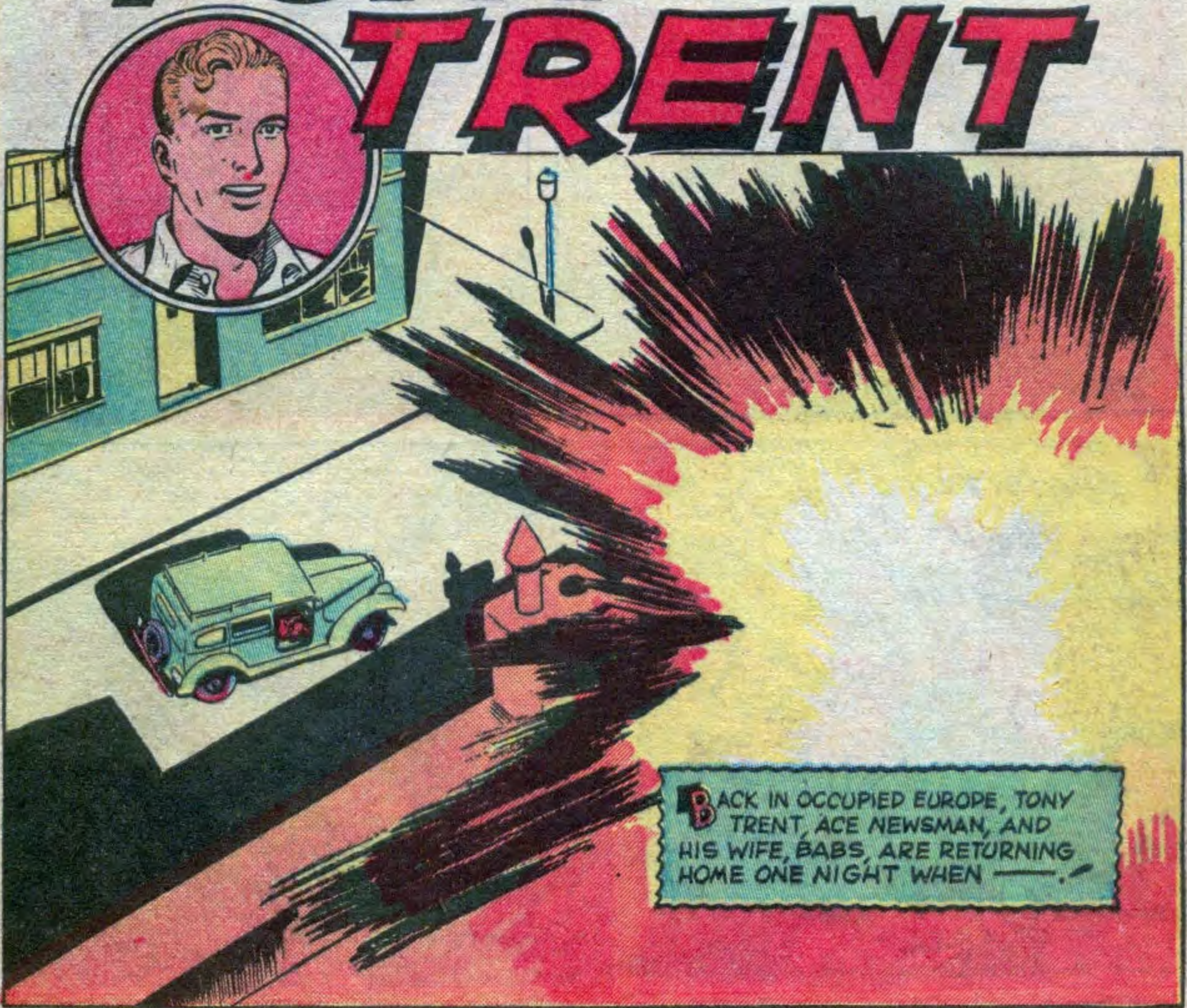
HERE'S HIS 'CHUTE AND A COUPLE OF TELLTALE TRACKS! LOOKS LIKE I'M LETTING MYSELF IN FOR **DOUBLE-TROUBLE** -- THE TREACHEROUS BOG OR AN EQUALLY TREACHEROUS BULLET!



BIG SHOT

TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



BACK IN OCCUPIED EUROPE, TONY TRENT, ACE NEWSMAN, AND HIS WIFE, BABS, ARE RETURNING HOME ONE NIGHT WHEN —



THAT FLAK IS COMING FROM THE OTHER ZONE, TONY...

YES...AND THERE'S THE PLANE THEY'RE SHOOTING AT.



BIG SHOT



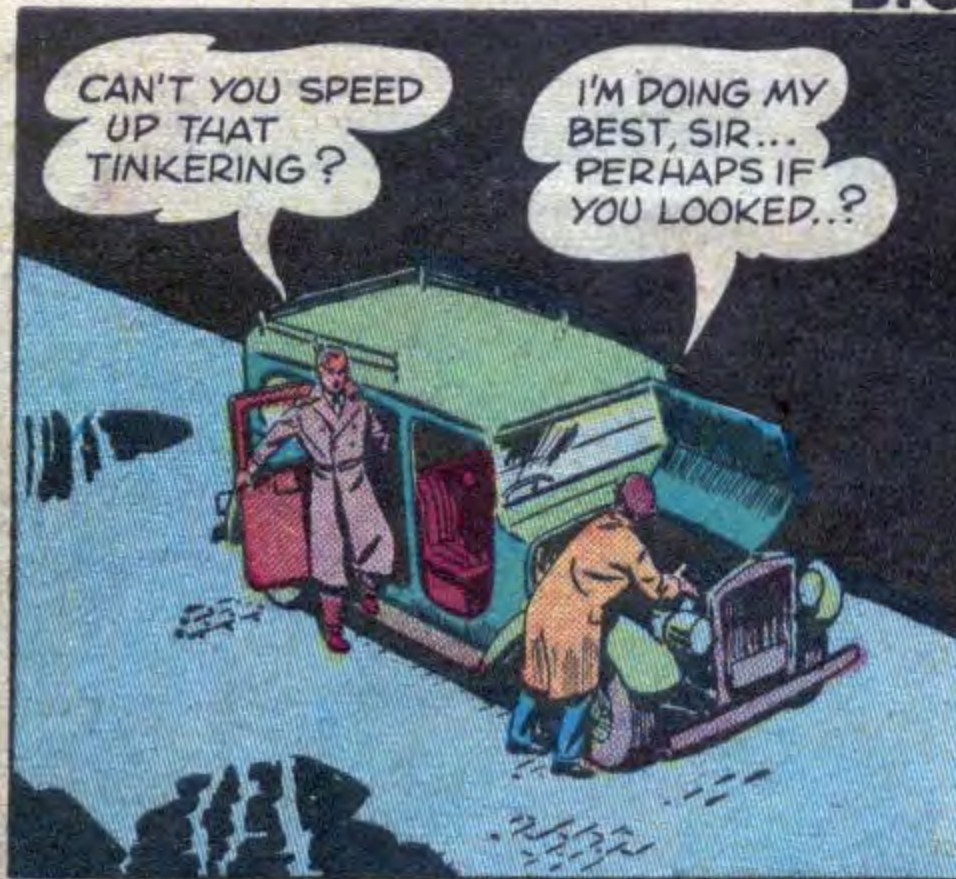
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



CAN'T YOU SPEED UP THAT TINKERING?

I'M DOING MY BEST, SIR... PERHAPS IF YOU LOOKED...?



NOTHING SEEMS TO BE WRONG...



— EXCEPT THE MISCHIEF YOU'RE UP TO!



DO YOU HAVE TO CHANGE A TIRE OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, TONY?

NO — ONLY THE CHAUFFEUR!



BY STAYING IN THE BACK ROADS WE AVOID THE AMERICAN MILITARY POLICE....

LOOK! SOMEONE LYING ON THE GROUND UP AHEAD!



IT IS THE DRIVER OF THE CAB IN WHICH PRINCESS ELENA ESCAPED!

DON'T HURT ME! I WANT YOU TO CATCH THEM — AND YOU WILL, BECAUSE THEY WENT DOWN THIS ALLEY — WHICH IS A DEAD END!

BIG SHOT



HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM

FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 329R, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 329R
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No.State.....
(if any)

A Genuine **JEWELLED** WESTERN BELT

The most popular Boy's Belt in all America!



Hey Fellas!

EVERYBODY IS
WEARIN' 'EM

Only \$1.98

*\$1.00 Extra with
YOUR NAME
IN STUDS

Your
Choice
of BROWN
or BLACK

TOP GRAIN
SADDLE LEATHER
METAL BUCKLE & TRIM
Jewel and Stud Design on Sides

BELT IS DECORATED WITH
COLORFUL, SIMULATED JEWELS

You'll be the envy of your friends with this Genuine Ranger-type JEWELLED WESTERN BELT. It's the flashiest, sturdiest belt you've ever seen. Styled and made to look like those famous Western Belts you've admired on your favorite movie and rodeo stars. Top grain saddle leather from end to end, it's handsomely tooled in a beautiful Western design. Embossed silver-colored buckle made extra big for better grip. Belt is extra wide for support and protection against hard knocks and bumps when you're "roughing it with the other fellas", or on bike rides, camping trips, hikes, etc. You'll be crazy about those bright, gleaming simulated Jewels and shiny metal harness studs that adorn each side of your Belt. Be the first in your neighborhood to own a JEWELLED WESTERN BELT

*This is how the belt looks
with your OWN NAME on the back*

You can add to the beauty of the belt and make it permanently yours by having your very own name "put-on" with shiny metal studs. Helps others to know you when your back is turned. Prevents loss or borrowing of belt since belt with your name on it is of value only to you. Metal harness studs used to spell out your name BIG are securely fastened to belt so they can't come out. Price of belt with name in studs is only \$2.98. Without name the price is \$1.98. **If you order with name to be put on, you'll have to send full payment in advance with order.** We will then prepay all shipping charges. If no name is wanted, you need SEND NO MONEY. We'll ship C.O.D. Either way, your satisfaction is positively guaranteed. You must be delighted and pleased in every way or you can return belt within 10 days for full refund. So rush your order on the coupon today

SEND NO MONEY! Rush This Coupon Today!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE CO., Dept. 6501

1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Rush me the JEWELLED WESTERN BELT as ordered below on your 10 day money-back Guarantee Offer.

Check color choice: ☐ black ☐ brown Give belt size _____

☐ Send Belt without name @ \$1.98. Ship to me C.O.D.

☐ Send Belt with NAME @ \$2.98. I ENCLOSE \$2.98 IN-ADVANCE AS REQUIRED. Ship all Postage charges prepaid.

Name Wanted on belt in studs _____

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____